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THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS'
MILLENNIAL STAR

ESTABLISHED IN 1840

“The crime of ingratitude is one of the most prevalent and I might say at the same time one of the greatest with which mankind is afflicted. The more the Lord blesses us the less we love Him. That is the way men show their gratitude unto the Lord for His mercies and His blessings towards them.”—JOSEPH FIELDING SMITH.

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Price One Penny

FAITH-PROMOTING MISSIONARY EXPERIENCES

BISHOP NICHOLAS G. SMITH

OF THE SEVENTEENTH WARD, SALT LAKE STAKE

I KNOW that the Gospel of Jesus Christ is true. I know that we are criticized for making such statements. I realize that there are millions of our Father's children who feel that we are presumptuous when making such claims, but the experience which I have had in my life has taught me, beyond any question of a doubt, that the men who stand as our leaders are inspired of our Heavenly Father.

I remember the day when I was a skeptic. As a boy, that was my inclination. We were living in Colorado. We had returned to Salt Lake City from there, and I had gone into the public schools here. I began to make friends among the non-“Mormons” of the schools; in fact, I had a fine circle of friends while in high school, who were not members of our Church. I became attached to them, and with them I went to their church. I became a regular attendant at St. Paul's Episcopal church and enjoyed going there to the meetings. Upon one occasion my father called me to him and said: “Son, where is it you go every Sunday?”

And I said: “I am going down to St. Paul's, to the Episcopal church, father.”

“Well, are you learning anything good?”

I said, “I haven't learned anything bad.”

“Well, that is good; I am glad to hear that. I am glad you are of an inquisitive nature, and I hope that whenever you hear anything taught there that impresses you, you will look it up in the

scriptures and see if it is scriptural or not, and if it is scriptural, accept it; but if not scriptural, then do not accept it."

That was fair enough. Father did not scold me because I was going to an outside church; he wanted me to get all the good they had, and I admire him for that position.

When, later on in my school-life I received a call to go into the mission field and preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ, I did not have a testimony of the Gospel. I felt that it was true. I knew that my parents would not lie to me; I knew that they had taught me to pray always to my Heavenly Father; that every night and every morning we met in family circle and appealed to His throne for His protecting care; but there was that something in my nature that made me question. And when this call came to go to Holland on a mission, I rather liked the idea, because it was going to give me an opportunity to travel and see the world. I talked to the boys of our crowd. I said, "Crossing the ocean, going over to Holland, spending a year or two there, travelling around Europe and seeing the world—it is wonderful!"

Some of these fellows said, "Gee, I wish I was a 'Mormon!' I would like to take a trip like that." And they envied me my mission.

After I had finished school and the time came to leave home, one other young man and I left Salt Lake City, and our parents went as far as Ogden with us. We were broken-hearted at the thought of parting, and when the train steamed out of the Ogden depot and got so far that we could not see them any more, we turned and walked into the coach and sat down, both of us with our heads hung, heartbroken. A gentleman came in and looked down at us, and said, "Boys, where are you going."

"Why," we said, "on missions."

A NON-"MORMON'S" ADVICE

"I thought so. Let me tell you something. I am not a member of your Church. I am a business man in Ogden, and I hire only returned 'Mormon' missionaries. Whenever I see one of those returned missionaries smoking a cigarette, I discharge him at once, for a 'Mormon' who has been in the mission field and will smoke a cigarette and be untrue to his God, would be untrue to me, and I could not have him in my employ. Remember that when you return home."

How I wish every Latter-day Saint boy knew the way non-"Mormons" feel about us—that they cannot trust a "Mormon" who would smoke a cigarette. I hope that one day all "Mormon" boys will appreciate and realize their true position.

We journeyed to the coast and took ship at Boston to sail for Liverpool. When we got to Boston young Nuttall and I sort of held ourselves away from other boys we met there, a party of some fifteen who were going over to do missionary work. The

first day out, at about noon, they came around and wanted us to go down-stairs and pray. We said: "What do you want to bother about praying for? If you want to pray, go and do so."

"But we want you to come with us."

"No, we do not care about it. You can go and pray if you want to."

And so, they did have their prayers, but they felt that we were rather strange missionaries.

We landed in Liverpool. They said to me: "Elder Smith, you will go down to Grimsby where you will get a boat to Holland." Four other Elders were to go down to Grimsby and get a boat that would take them to Germany. We five went together. When we got to Grimsby the boat for Holland had left the day before. The other boys picked up their luggage and started for the boat that was waiting to sail around to Hamburg. I picked up my luggage and began to follow them. They turned and said: "Where are you going?"

I said, "I am going with you."

"You cannot do that, you have to go to Holland."

I said, "Yes, I know, but my father once told me that when he was here in England on a mission a whole crowd of these folk were going to beat him up and mob him, and if you think you are going to leave me alone in an English city you are mistaken. I am going to hang on to you."

SAILED FOR THE CONTINENT

So, we got on to the boat, and after I had paid my passage I had a shilling left and I traded that to the purser for a mark. A couple of days later we sailed into the port of Hamburg. After we got on the outside, the other boys said: "What are we going to do with you? You have to go to Holland, and we will have to go to Berlin."

I said: "I don't know, unless you have enough money to send me to Holland."

They said: "What will it cost?"

"I don't know that. We'll have to find the station and then see if we can find out something."

So, we were struggling along down the street with our luggage, and a man walked up to us and said: "You boys look like Americans."

We said, "We are Americans," tickled to death to hear English spoken.

"Well," he said, "that is fine. Where do you come from?"

"We come from Salt Lake City."

"Salt Lake City? Missionaries! I was not expecting missionaries to-day. My name is Will Owen. I am in charge of the branch here in Hamburg."

So we were happy. He took us around and showed us the

sights of the city, and that evening brought me back to the station and put me on a train and said: "You will have to change cars at Hanover. I will wire ahead to one of the missionaries there, Brother Charlie Morris, and have him meet you."

GREETED BY FRIENDS AT HANOVER

When I arrived at Hanover, sure enough Elder Morris was there. He took me to the home of one of those good German saints. They had cooked a meal in the middle of the night—I arrived there about twelve o'clock. This good sister had a meal all ready for this travelling missionary whom she did not know from Adam. Then Brother Morris took me back and put me on the train. He said to me, "Elder Smith, at a certain station you must change cars. You will get there about two-thirty, so don't go to sleep." He said good-bye, and the train pulled out. I looked around in the compartment, and there were about seven other people there, all talking German. I could not understand a word of it and was worried for fear they might throw me out of the window, or something. Those compartments hold about eight people, you enter them from the side of the train. I was worried. Finally, I bowed my head and said, "Heavenly Father, I am lost. I came on a mission to preach the Gospel, and I am lost, and I want you to help me."

Then I fell fast asleep. All of a sudden I woke up with a start—the train was standing still. I picked up my luggage and got down off the train. It tooted and pulled out. I looked around for a station, but there wasn't one there—there wasn't a light of any sort. I knelt down to see if I could see silhouetted against the sky a building of some sort where I might go for shelter, but I could not see a house of any kind. Then I thought I would lie down and rest until daylight came, and surely I would be able to find something. But, I thought that of all the foolish things I ever did in my life the worst was to get out of that train where there were no human beings, right out into the midst of I did not know what.

As I was just going to lie down, I heard another train whistle. It pulled up the same track where the other train had been, the conductor got off, opened some of the doors and began shouting. I got up and said, "Rotterdam?" He said, "Ya," and shoved me up into the train, and at ten next morning, I arrived in Rotterdam, where my brother, Winslow, had been telephoning all over Europe trying to find trace of me. I thought, "Well, wasn't that luck?" Luck to meet a man in Hamburg, a city of a million souls—the one man in all the world that we would rather meet, one out of a million? What luck we played to! And then to think that I woke up out of a sleep, got off a moving train at the right place, and got back on the right train; surely luck was on my side! I had had a lucky trip all the way over.

The mission president, Sylvester Q. Cannon, called me in, and said: "Brother Smith, I am sending you to the hardest branch in this mission." I didn't thank him for that. However, I went up right into the north end of Holland, to the city of Groningen, to begin my missionary labours, after having visited a week with my brother and he had gone back to Germany to his field of labour.

When I arrived in Groningen, the conference president said: "We are going out to visit some investigators, just leave your suit-case right here and we will go on."

The lodge was a little place up over a narrow hall that would seat about sixty people. We went on out to the investigators, and my companion began to talk. He talked until after nine o'clock, and I said, "it is about time to go home, isn't it?"

VISITING WITH INVESTIGATORS

"No," he said, "we are out with investigators now, I am preaching the Gospel. You be very quiet and listen and you will learn something."

"Learn something? I can't tell a thing you are talking about. I don't know what I will learn."

And all that week he lectured me and every few minutes I was telling him I was going home. Sunday morning came and time for Sunday school. He said, "Come on now, Elder Smith, and we will go down to Sunday school."

I said, "No, thanks, I am not going to Sunday school."

"Yes, come on, you must go; you cannot act this way."

"Well I can't go, I will stay up here; you go."

He went down stairs, and soon I heard them singing—I didn't know the words, but I did know the tune—"In our lovely Deseret, where the Saints of God have met." My goodness! It cut me to the very soul, and I dropped on to my knees, and all the while Sunday school was going on down below, I was pleading with our Heavenly Father to help me to be a man. How I prayed! When he came running up stairs, after the school was over, and found me there on my knees, with tear-stained cheeks, he said, "Well, you look better." "Well," I said, "I think I feel better."

And then we began to have experiences. The saints sent for us to come and administer to them when they were sick. While it was in my heart to say, "Oh, they will be all right anyway." Upon one occasion a sister sent for me and wanted me to come to her home and administer to her boy, a four-year-old laddie. When I got to the home he was black all over, and as I looked at that babe, I said to her, "Sister, have you sent for the doctor?"

She said, "No, I don't want the doctor; I only want you. I just wanted servants of the Lord to administer to him, and I knew he would be all right."

"But," I said, "Sister, he is going black all over now, he is

choking to death, and you know what the law will do when he dies."

"But, he isn't going to die. You are going to administer to him, aren't you?"

"Well, of course I am going to administer to him."

A MANIFESTATION OF HEALING

So I took the bottle of oil and anointed him and sealed the anointing, and within five minutes something in his little throat burst and pus and blood came away, and in fifteen minutes time he was out on the floor playing. And I began to wonder whether it would have happened if we had waited a little while longer, or whether he would have died. Those things began to pour in upon me, until I felt that I could not doubt. The fact that my mother had taught me that God heard and answered prayers would not leave me; now when I was seeing these things alone out in the mission field I began to appreciate what it meant. And when I saw the faith of those Dutch saints I learned to love them like I loved my very own, and faith in me began to develop. I remembered how, upon the streets of Hamburg, the one man in a million, whom we wanted to meet came right along the street and met us; I remembered that when I did not have sense enough to get off the train myself the Lord actually put me off it and put me on to the right train; and what an experience it was really to feel and know that God did live and that Jesus was the Christ. And I returned home loving those folks.

I settled down at home, had a wife and three kiddies. One day the president called me to Salt Lake—I was living in Farmington at the time—and said, "My brother, we think it is about time one of your father's sons was in the mission field. How do you feel about it?"

I said, "Whatever you think about my father's sons they will do."

"Well," he said, "We would like to have you go down to South Africa."

"South Africa! All right, if you say South Africa, that is all right with me."

He said, "Talk it over with your wife and with your mother, and see what they have to say."

And so I called up my wife and told her, and she began to cry, and said, "Oh, that horrid black place!"

When I got home to mother and told her what was wanted, she sank down on the floor, and sat there for a few minutes crying, finally looked up and said: "But, son, you are going!"

"Why, of course I am going, mother. I could not think of doing anything else. If the Lord says South Africa, there is nothing left for any one else to say; I will go."

And in fifteen days, although our babe was sick, we packed up and left Salt Lake City for South Africa. We travelled across the continent and took ship at Montreal. When we got to Montreal, there was a letter for me from one of the apostles. I opened and read it, and in that letter he said: "The winds and the waves will be controlled in your interests." And I wondered if he really knew what he was saying. September, and in the winter time the North Atlantic waves roll high. I wondered whether the winds would be controlled in our interests or not. And lo, and behold, all the way over we did not see waves more than four or five feet high, and from England south, during the three weeks we spent upon the sea, we did not even see white caps, the ocean was as smooth as glass. The waves and the winds had, indeed, been controlled in our interests.

MISSIONARIES BANNED FROM COUNTRY

Shortly after we arrived, the government of South Africa refused to let any more "Mormon" missionaries land in that country. Two came just a couple or three weeks after we arrived there, but they were deported—sent back to England.

A few weeks later five others arrived. They also were deported—sent back to England. Another young fellow by the name of Franklin D. Price, who was sent out travelling alone, decided that instead of going down the west coast of Africa and landing at Capetown, he would take the boat that went through the Mediterranean sea, passed Gibraltar, down past Egypt through the Red Sea, and down the east coast of Africa, and landed at a Portuguese port called Lourenco Marquez. From there they would take the train to go into the Union of South Africa, where it was required that every one landing should have twenty pounds sterling upon his person.

But the trip took six weeks instead of three, and by the time Elder Price had reached an up-country port, his money was all gone, and he wired ahead from Beira that he must have money, and to wire it to him at Lourenco Marquez. So I wired the money to him in care of the steamer. But the purser did not receive the message and had nothing for him, and he was rather upset and worried. He decided that he would go into the city and see whether there was any word for him at the telegraph office, and as he was walking down the gang-plank off that steamer, he saw a folded paper laying at the foot of the gang-plank. He picked it up and put into his pocket, and went on over to the telegraph office. When he arrived there he learned that they had nothing for him. Then he was discouraged and hardly knew what to do, but decided he would get on the train and take his chances, and that he did.

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THURSDAY, JUNE 23, 1932

EDITORIAL

LAW OF TITHING

FROM the earliest times, whenever men have been guided by divine revelation, they have been subject to a law of revenue, usually the law of tithe. This law was given of the Lord and was as binding and holy in its nature as many other laws pertaining to salvation. We read in the fourteenth chapter of Genesis, that Abraham when returning from the battle of the kings, was met and blessed by Melchizedek, king of Salem. This Melchizedek was a great High Priest presiding over the work of the Lord, and unto him Abraham paid "tithes of all." This righteous king and High Priest over the Church, was, we are informed by revelation given to Joseph Smith, "keeper of the storehouse of God; him whom God had appointed to receive tithes for the poor. Wherefore Abraham paid unto him tithes of all that he had, of all the riches which he possessed, which God had given him." Jacob, with full understanding of this law, made a covenant with the Lord that he would "surely give the tenth" of all his possessions unto the Lord. This covenant was made at Bethel, after Jacob had been blessed in heavenly vision with the blessings of his progenitors. And in Bethel he set up a monument as a token of the covenant he had made to pay one-tenth of all he should receive from that time forth.

When the children of Israel came out of Egypt, the Lord called upon Moses to proclaim emphatically this law among them. We read:

And all the tithe of the land, whether of the seed of the land, or of the fruit of the tree, is the Lord's: it is holy unto the Lord.

And if a man will at all redeem ought of his tithes, he shall add thereto the fifth part thereof.

And concerning the tithe of the herd, or of the flock, even of whatsoever passeth under the rod, the tenth shall be holy unto the Lord.

He shall not search whether it be good or bad, neither shall he change it: and if he change it at all, then both it and the change thereof shall be holy; it shall not be redeemed. (Lev. 27: 30-33.)

In the days of Malachi, the Lord accused the people of robbing Him of tithes and offerings, and again the rigid enforcement of this law was proclaimed.

This law of tithing is one that is peculiar to the Latter-day Saints. It was given shortly after the organization of the Church and is binding upon the members. And the Lord has

said: "Behold, . . . verily it is a day of sacrifice, and a day for the tithing of my people; for he that is tithed shall not be burned at his coming." (Doc. and Cov. 64: 23.)

It is true that there are individuals scattered here and there, who have accepted the principle of tithing. Moreover, there may be some small organizations who have accepted in theory this principle, but they are without system and divine organization. They do not know how to collect or distribute their tithes. Some individuals set apart one-tenth of their incomes and distribute that tenth as they themselves deem wise. In the Church of Jesus Christ the Lord has provided officers to receive the tithing and has given definite instructions as to its distribution through the authority of the Church.—JOSEPH FIELDING SMITH.

MISSION AUTHORITIES ON THE WORLD'S FLIER

ENGLAND this week broke the world's record for railroad speed, for a "start to stop" run, when the Great Western Railway's "Cheltenham Flier" maintained an average speed of $87\frac{1}{2}$ miles per hour for 70 miles of the journey between Swindon and Paddington station, London. Her greatest speed was 92 miles an hour, which she touched for about half a mile near Wantage, Berks. The "Flier's" acceleration was so great that within five miles after leaving Swindon it was going at 80 miles an hour. Towns were passed in a roaring blur, and groups of people who had anticipated the event, were at the stations and along the track as the train flew by, waving and cheering. President and Sister Douglas, Patriarch and Sister Wallis, and Elders Matthews, McCarthy and Phillips, all of whom were returning from the Bristol District Conference, were on the train, in the first coach, but unconscious of the fact when they left Cheltenham that the "Flier" was to smash the world's record. The ride was made in comfort, irrespective of the great speed the train made. We are all happy in having been on the "Cheltenham Flier" when it made its historic run on Monday afternoon, June 6th, 1932.—JAMES H. WALLIS.

MAKING GENEALOGICAL INVESTIGATIONS

SISTER MABEL J. SANBORN, a daughter of President Brigham Young, is on a special mission to Europe in the interests of the Genealogical Society of Utah. She has already been to a number of places since her arrival, and was in attendance at the Scottish District Conference at Glasgow. She did work in London, and then left for the Continent, where she has a son on a mission, and where she will continue her research work. This is Sister Sanborn's first visit to Europe, although she has been to American

libraries in the east and in the west of the United States. While on the Continent she will visit many libraries and other sources of genealogical information. Mrs. Sanborn has a charming personality, and is intensely interested in her work. We trust that her stay will be crowned with success, and that she will return home with much valuable information, having accomplished her mission to the satisfaction of all concerned.—JAMES H. WALLIS.

WANTED.—Any bound volumes of the *Millennial Star* between the years 1919 and 1929. Also the following single copies: Nos. 13 and 14, 1921; 31 for 1922; 1 and 25 for 1924; 3, 10, 14, 1926; 3, 1928. Address 43 Tavistock Square, London, W.C. 1.

FAITH-PROMOTING MISSIONARY EXPERIENCES

(Concluded from page 391)

When the train neared the South African frontier, the immigration officers came along questioning everyone. They came to him and he answered all the questions. And the man said, "and your money?" Elder Price's fingers dropped into his vest pocket, trying to think what to say. He felt that piece of paper, pulled it out and unrolled it, and it was an endorsed cheque with the government revenue stamp on it for nineteen pounds and some shillings. Twenty pounds was the amount required. The man took it, turned it over, and handed it back and said, "That is all right," and permitted him to enter.

An hour later, when he met us in Johannesburg, how he wept, like his heart would break; he felt that the Lord had indeed opened the way for him to come into that country. We all looked at the check and he put it into his trunk to show to some of the other Elders who were coming up a day or so later; and when they came he went to his trunk, and although he had it locked, when he opened it that check was gone, and he never did see it again. A peculiar thing! It might have happened, but I believe as did he that the Lord opened the way for him, and after the check had done its work the Lord took it away again.

Before I went to Holland on my mission, my mother took me down to Patriarch John Smith to get a patriarchal blessing, and I want to read just a little bit of that before I tell you what I am going to tell you next.

"A decree did go forth at an early day that you did have a mission to fill, a work to do, in which you should see many changes among the people, and witness distress among the wicked, and also behold the arm of the Lord made bare in behalf of Israel, and His name glorified; for in thy day He will come forth from His hiding place and vex the nations."

I did not know about this paragraph in my patriarchal blessing

when, once upon a former occasion I told this story here in the tabernacle. When I read this blessing and noted how the patriarch had pointed out the way I marvelled at it. In my day the nations were to be vexed and the arm of the Lord was to be made bare in behalf of Israel.

It was during the "flu" time in South Africa. It was all over the world, in fact, in that terrible October of 1918. The war had been raging, the nations had been vexed, there had been pestilence and famine and earthquakes over the face of the earth—distress was everywhere. In that terrible October of 1918 death and desolation stalked the earth. My mother wrote to me and told me that nearly one hundred people had died here in the city during October, and in return I wrote and told her what had happened there. When the "flu" struck Capetown the first day they began to die in dozens. At the end of the first week five thousand people had died in that one city alone, a city the size of Salt Lake City. The coffins were all used up, the trains stopped running, the street cars stopped running, the stores closed, even the drug stores, and we could not get medicines. They were laying people in trenches, aye forty and fifty. Wrapped in cloth they were laid on motor trucks, hauled out to the cemeteries and laid in trenches and covered up without any caskets.

I saw children dragging their parents' caskets along the street. I saw men with bodies thrown over their shoulders, carrying them off to lay them away. We took some of our friends away in bread wagons; everything that we could possibly use in that way was drafted into service. People were dying everywhere, and at the end of the second week 10,000 people died in the city alone. The saints came down with that dread disease—fifty-seven Latter-day Saints in the city of Capetown had the disease, half of them spitting blood, and that was the sign of the end. I remember it invaded the mission house—five of the missionaries were down. One of them is now bishop of the Thirty-fourth ward. I remember Aaron U. Merrill of Cache valley and I were the only two left upon our feet. How remarkable that two "Mormon" missionaries should have been left upon their feet! And I said to Elder Merrill, "Are you prepared to go with me through the city blessing the people?" He said, "I will go as far as I can." And so we set out.

ERRAND OF BLESSING AMONG THE SICK

It did not do any good to knock on the door and wait for an answer, for in some homes they found eight people dead, lying around on the floor, some having crawled along the passageway to get to the kitchen to get a drink to quench their thirst, and they had died there. Others had died in the kitchen, others in bed, some had crawled out back of the house and died—so terrible was the plague. The first door we came to was that of a "Mor-

mon" girl who had married a non-"Mormon." He had promised her she could go to Church and do anything she liked if she would only marry him. After they were married he told her she could not go to those accursed "Mormons" any more. When we opened the door and walked into their house, he was standing at the foot of the bed, looking out of glazed eyes. When he seemed to recognize us, he said, "Get out of here!" I walked up and took hold of his arm, and saw his wife upon the bed, too weak to speak. Just then a neighbour came in, and said, "It is all right, gentlemen, the doctor just left here a half an hour ago, and he says they will be dead in another hour. You may go on your way." Go on our way and leave a Latter-day Saint to lie there and die alone? We anointed her with oil and sealed the anointing, and lo and behold the Lord raised her up; but the man he took.

And we went from door to door that day, and of the fifty-seven who had been smitten with that disease, every Latter-day Saint was healed. Not one died.

PATRIARCHAL BLESSING FULFILLED

Now, when I read this patriarchal blessing, telling me that I was to see the arm of the Lord made bare in behalf of Israel, really and truly I see a fulfillment in that wonderful situation in the city of Capetown, on the southern tip of Africa, for the Lord did hear and acknowledge every administration, healed every one of them and raised them up, and they glorified His name and knew that He and He alone had saved their lives; and it was seared in upon my soul to such an extent that to be a skeptic was impossible. I cannot doubt that God lives. I cannot doubt that Jesus is the Christ.

Upon one occasion our babe fell at its mother's feet. She picked him up, and screamed, and I rushed to her side. The boy was gone, apparently. We felt for his little pulse, but there wasn't any pulse. I shook him and twisted him and turned him around, but no response—he was dead. I laid him on the kitchen table, and my wife said, "Bless him, daddy, bless him!" I put my hands upon his head, the Lord knowing that we had left everything that was near and dear to us to go to that land to preach the Gospel. We pleaded for the life of our little one, we wanted to take our children back home with us. And, as I took my hands off his little head, he opened his eyes and recognized his mother. Tell me that God does not live! No skepticism here!

When I returned home I found that the Lord was here as well as there. A man who was a minister in another church met our missionaries in San Francisco, listened to their testimonies, believed them, and accepted the Gospel. He moved to Salt Lake City to live, and was living in our ward, the Seventeenth. Not many months ago he came to me and wanted to know if I would administer to his boy. The man had married a "Mormon" girl,

who had not been taking much part in the Church, and so they had raised their children, without taking much part in Church activities; and this man had got out of the habit of going to Church or paying his tithing or trying to live the Gospel—a good man withal.

But he came and asked if I would administer to his boy. When I asked what the trouble was, he said: "He is all twisted out of shape. His legs are bent and his arms are bent and his power of speech is gone. He was wrestling three weeks ago, and he must have hurt his backbone; he is all out of shape. We have had the doctors working with him, we have had the chiropractors working with him, and he has grown constantly worse, and to-day he is driving us wild. Will you administer to him?"

So I went to the home of that man, feeling that the Lord would not bless him, because he had not been trying to do his duty. When I saw that boy all out of shape, my heart bled for him, and I asked the father to anoint him, and he said, "Oh, I am not worthy to touch him." I anointed him myself with oil and sealed the anointing, and, brothers and sisters, the Lord healed him right there, straightened out his arms and his legs and gave him back his power of speech, for he had been unable to speak for three weeks. How different the Lord's judgment was from mine. It is not my place to judge.

The Lord is here to-day just as He was here two thousand years ago upon the earth. He does hear and answer our prayers, and I want to testify to you that I know that He lives. I have heard it said that the third generation would see the end of "Mormonism." I want to testify to you that my great-grandfather was a member of this Church, devoted the declining years of his life to the work of the ministry, as did my grandfather and my father; and now I hope that I can profit by the lessons which they taught me. I hope that every Latter-day Saint can appreciate to the fullest extent what this Gospel of ours means, that if we will live it our Heavenly Father will bless and prosper us. And may His peace be with us and in our very souls is my prayer in Jesus' name. Amen.—(Address delivered in the Tabernacle, Salt Lake City, Utah.)

TITHING TESTIMONIES

On the 4th of October, 1931, I received a patriarchal blessing from the lips of the Lord's inspired servant, and among other admonitions I heard this warning: "Brother, pay thy tithing honestly unto the Lord." I marvelled at the words—was I not doing so? Was I not already firmly established in the principle? It was during the next two weeks that I found the necessity of this timely admonition. Circumstances of a peculiar nature arose

and hedged me about until my efforts and desires to obey the commandments of the Lord seemed temporarily shaken. I paid no tithing. I tried to throw off the mantle of depression, but only succeeded in paying an irregular tithe and finally my efforts again dwindled under the attacks of the adversary. Then I lost my job. The following weeks taught me the necessity and blessings of tithe-paying. God persuaded and directed our lives like a loving teacher, until we had finally learned this great lesson. I could fill a book with the dealings of the Lord to my family during that trying period. Ask the man who has paid tithes if it is worth while?—JOSEPH DITTY, Belfast Branch, Ulster District.

BEING one of the fourth generation in a family who have paid tithing, I am proud to bear my testimony to the blessings which are received from obedience to this law. Nearly all of my life I have experienced poverty and hardships, yet through the help of God have been able to meet my obligations. One day the landlord told me that thereafter the rent would be increased ten shillings a week. That night our family knelt in earnest prayer and solicited the help of our Heavenly Father. In the morning I went to my employer and explained our situation, and due to his influence, and to our great surprise, the deed of our house was turned over to me, and I was told a reasonable rent would pay for it. We now own a home, the grounds surrounding it, and an automobile. I attribute these blessing to the fact that I have always paid a full and regular tithing. The Lord has made a great promise to those who keep this law, and I know He will not fail if we do our part.—ALFRED J. WILLMOTT, Holloway Branch, London District.

I REMEMBER shortly after I had joined the Church, one of the Elders explained the law of tithing to me. I told him at the time that I didn't see how I could possibly obey the law as I needed every penny of each pound that I earned. I gave the law a trial, however, and was indeed surprised to find that the eighteen shillings left out of a pound for some reason or other seemed to last much longer and buy much more. God has indeed blessed me, and I find by paying an honest tithe I increase both my faith and my knowledge of the Gospel. The Lord never fails anyone who puts their trust in Him.—ANNIE R. JOHNSON, Preston Branch, Liverpool District.

NUMEROUS REASONS, chief among them being the fact that I had only short time work, made it practically impossible for my wife and me to put aside any money for the Christmas festivities of 1931. By carefully economizing we figured that we would be able to afford a small joint of pork, a rabbit and perhaps a pudding. On the Sunday before Christmas, the

question of tithing arose, and we decided to pay it; but the rabbit and pudding vanished from our dreams. We knew the Lord would bless our sacrifice, but we hardly realized to what extent. Imagine our feelings on the morrow when we received a turkey weighing over fourteen pounds. In fact, during the entire week we were in receipt of gifts, so that our cupboard was filled with the bounties of life. The crowning event came when our district president and the person who sent the turkey blessed our table on Christmas Day with their presence. This is just one of the many instances which prove to me the value of tithing. The payment of tithes is one of the strongest tests of our faith.—ALBERT A. COLE, Great Yarmouth Branch (unorganized), Norwich District.

BRISTOL DISTRICT CONFERENCE

WHENEVER the members and friends of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints congregate in a district conference it is always a joyful occasion. The renewal of acquaintances and the meeting of strange people is a rich experience. This is especially true in an institution which teaches the actuality of the brotherhood of man as the Latter-day Saint Church does. The visiting Mission authorities are to the saints ambassadors of the Living God, who radiate with a beautiful spirit of love; and the missionaries excited and happy, feel as if transported from all things shallow and dark.

Just such an occasion took place in Cheltenham, Sunday, June 5th, in Idmiston Hall, when the Bristol District met in Annual Spring Conference. In outline, the three meetings of the day were as follows: first, the Sunday School, which divided into two classes, the Priesthood and Relief Society. Then the missionary session, in which five Elders delivered short Gospel talks. Finally, the evening session, the feature of the day, when inspirational addresses were made by President and Sister Douglas and Patriarch and Sister Wallis.

Sister Douglas, in speaking to the sisters in the morning, told of the missionary experiences of her father, Orson Pratt, and encouraged them to take the Gospel message to their friends and neighbours. Sister Wallis spoke on the need of real, sincere sisterly love. In the Priesthood section, four young men were advanced in the Aaronic Priesthood and the branch presidents made interesting reports. President Douglas and Brother Wallis spoke about the growth of the Church and its missionary system, and outlined the duties of the various offices in the Priesthood.

At the afternoon service President Harold E. Dean was released from his labours as district president, and Elder Herman L. Anderson was sustained in his place. In his report, President

Dean pointed out the relative size of the Church membership in the Bristol District as compared with the general population, and spoke of the splendid activity of the saints, as evidenced in the payment of tithes, which had increased 21 per cent. Elder Dennis McCarthy spoke on the influence of the Church in building strong and virtuous personalities. Elder Warren M. Tingey testified that "Mormonism" is the greatest philosophy of life. Elder W. Lamar Phillips spoke of eternal progress as a corner-stone of "Mormonism." President Anderson told how the Gospel inspired a bright and cheerful outlook on life.

In the evening meeting, Sister Douglas and Sister Wallis each spoke briefly on their calling to this mission, and bore convincing testimonies to the truth of the Gospel. President Douglas explained clearly the organization of the Church by the Prophet Joseph Smith, and enumerated the trials and persecutions of the saints. Patriarch Wallis explained and praised the missionary work of the Church, and concluded the evening meeting with a stirring address on the Gospel of repentance and baptism, with a strong testimony concerning the divinity of Joseph Smith's calling. Beautiful music, a day of sunshine and an exceptionally large attendance, all combined to make the day complete and highly successful. For the missionaries, the conference was supplemented and made even more impressive by a wonderful Elders' testimony meeting on the following day.

Mission authorities and missionaries present were: Patriarch James H. Wallis, Sister Elizabeth T. Wallis, Elder Percy L. Matthews and Elder Dennis McCarthy of the European Mission; President James H. Douglas, Sister Rintha P. Douglas and Elder W. Lamar Phillips of the British Mission; President Harold E. Dean (released), President Herman L. Anderson and Elders Dallas A. Berrett, Warren M. Tingey, W. Burke Jones, Eliot D. Ward and Harold Sycamore of the Bristol District, and Elder Abner W. Snarr of the Birmingham District.

HAROLD E. DEAN, District President.

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